

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

VICISSITUDES OF WENTWORTH AIRCASTLE.

WENTWORTH AIRCASTLE was scarcely eighteen years of age, when, by the death of his father, he found himself possessed of an estate in value about three hundred pounds sterling a year. Mr. Mark Aircastle, his father, had been an indolent speculative man. The representative of an ancient and honourable family, he had felt continually the narrowness of that income which circumscribed the tendency of his mind towards liberality, and even magnificence, without making any effort to enlarge it. He had married a lady whose birth and accomplishments were her only portion; and had sat down contented to experience through life all the miseries which attend the want of employment, in a mind naturally active, and a heart feelingly alive.

Mr. Mark Aircastle, who watched with fondness and pride the rising genius of young Wentworth, had begun very early in life to form his mind to ambition, that the youth might not, through an hereditary indolence, lose the absolute government of his country as premier, to which, he argued, it was so much in the power of genius and application to attain. "Every man of common abilities," would Mr. Aircastle say to his son, "can do what he will do: you, my dear Wentworth, have more than common abilities; you have also a name, and some fortune. Heaven grant that the latter may not prove a clog on your industry!" Wentworth Aircastle, with great talents, possessed what too generally accompanies them, a warm imagination. It had not, therefore, required much argument to convince him of the truth of this doctrine; and he had from his infancy regarded his paternal estate as a pittance, to limit his views to which would be the highest degree of blameable inactivity.

Superior in abilities to most men, and possessing all those external accomplishments which more immediately qualify for the attainment of pre-eminence in society, Wentworth Aircastle had to combat the emotions of a heart which felt always strongly, though not always justly. Ambition, at an early period of his life, had concurred with inclination in pointing out to him as the object of his attention, a young lady whose name was Eliza Morton. She was the only child of a man who, from a very obscure situation, which he left to try his fortune in the East Indies, had amassed little less than a hundred thousand pounds sterling. Morton, who had that respect for birth and education which it is not uncommon for those who want both, to feel in a higher degree than the real possessors of them, having purchased an estate near Oakley, the seat of Mr. Aircastle, had cultivated the friendship of that gentleman with wonderful assiduity; and that assiduity, more than any striking qualities in Morton, produced a return of at least particular attention.

Eliza Morton, who was nearly of the same age with Wentworth, was very

handsome; it is not therefore to be wondered at that he, whose ambition was equalled by his enthusiastic attachment to beauty, had felt himself most romantically in love at a time of life when other youths think of little more than their studies or their sports. Wentworth had just reached his eighteenth year, and was finishing his studies at Oxford, when he received intelligence of the death of his father, who had been carried off by an apoplexy, imputed by his physicians to an habitual indolence of body, which had gradually increased as he grew older. Wentworth, whose mother died when he was an infant, had always experienced the most affectionate tenderness in the conduct of his father towards him, which he had ever repaid with the warmest duty and love. When, therefore, he returned to Oakley to see the last melancholy rites performed, he felt a grief so poignant at those ideas which were revived by every object around him, that he determined to avoid the sight of what so much afflicted him, by a journey on the Continent, till time should have blunted the edge of his sorrow. The thoughts of quitting Miss Morton for some time opposed themselves to this resolution; but his feelings would not permit him to press his affairs with her at a time like this; and he hoped to return from his excursion so improved by travel, that he should stand little chance of a repulse in soliciting her hand.

During his residence at Oxford, Wentworth had formed the most brilliant connexions. His respectable name; the freedom and pleasantness of his manners; the lively sallies of his wit, charmed by an universal acquaintance with, and a visible taste for classical learning, had soon made him an indispensable one in all the first parties. Among the several persons of rank, whom he numbered as his friends, he perceived no one whose attachment, from its apparent sincerity and the respectable talents of the man, flattered him equally with that of Lord Aston; who, with that ease and affability which implied a total desertion of the superiority derived from his rank, possessed great openness of manners, and by whom the dictates of an enlightened mind were always conveyed with peculiar strength of expression. But their coincidence of sentiment on one point, more than any other circumstance, had attached Wentworth Aircastle to his lordship. Wentworth, vain of superior talents and accomplishments, wholly adopting the maxim of his father, would have despised the fortune, how illustrious soever, which was ready made to his hand. Lord Aston did, or affected to do the same; and frequently lamented that ill fate which had bestowed on him twenty thousand pounds a year, without the credit of acquiring it: adding, that no person could enjoy an estate who had not obtained it by his own exertions, which a man of abilities might certainly do were he dropped penniless into the centre of the metropolis.

It happened that Aston, within a few weeks after Mr. Aircastle's decease, went to take possession of an estate which had fallen to him at no great distance from Oakley, when he took the opportunity of calling on his afflicted friend. The pleasure which Wentworth received from this unexpected visit, was not a little increased by the inclination which his lordship showed to accompany him on his in-

tended excursion; nor was the vanity of young Aircastle slightly gratified by this opportunity of introducing his noble friend to Miss Morton.

In a few weeks Wentworth having settled his affairs at Oakley, and taken leave of Miss Morton—with whose behaviour on the occasion his vanity whispered him he had every reason to be perfectly satisfied—departed for Dover, where Lord Aston, on his quitting the country, had promised to give him the meeting. Amid the combination of new and pleasing images which every where engaged his attention in the land of gaiety, he soon conquered the strongest assaults of grief for the death of his father; and, to complete his triumph over the remainder, every species of pleasure from which a grain of knowledge could be collected was called to his assistance.

In a town of Normandy, the name of which is not very material, an English lady, named Pearson, had for some time fixed her residence in order to superintend the education of her only daughter. Barbara Pearson, for so was this daughter called, can be no better described than by this effect of her person and mind. Every man at the first glance called her a pretty girl; every man who had enjoyed her conversation for an hour called her a lovely girl. The amiable, indeed, was her great characteristic. Elegant in person, animated in countenance, lively in conversation, good-humoured in manners, and tender in heart, she was now nearly complete in all those accomplishments which the care of a mother, at once liberal, fond, and sensible, could bestow. The test of her abilities was a way of thinking uncommonly right and correct; but it is not always in our power to act up to our ideas of propriety.

Mrs. Pearson was the widow of a gentleman, who, after having remained for fifteen years almost unknown in his profession as a barrister, by being engaged in a cause of importance, was transported at once from the painful exercise of a narrow economy to ease and affluence. But this translation from a frugal board to a luxurious table, and from bodily exercise to mental labour proved fatal to his constitution. He left Mrs. Pearson a widow, at a period in which, though he had already been talked of as the successor of a judge laden with infirmities, he had amassed little more than was necessary to discharge those debts which he had before unavoidably contracted. On the little that remained, had Mrs. Pearson retired to France; induced by the comparative cheapness of the necessaries of life, and the slender salaries required by the best masters for the superintendence of her daughter's education; and leaving a son behind her in England under the protection of an uncle, to whom he was heir. By the most rigid economy Mrs. Pearson was enabled to maintain a decent appearance, and to lay by for her daughter what she trusted might render her independent after her death, if she should remain till then unmarried; which, however, from the strength of her own constitution, and her daughter's person and accomplishments, she had reason to hope would not be the case; nor was this hope a little encouraged by the attentions of an English gentleman then resident in the same town, whose fortune was considerable, and whose behaviour towards Miss Pearson

was such as might have induced a less sanguine parent to felicitate herself on the prospect of a speedy settlement for her child, though he had yet never formally declared himself.

While affairs were in this situation, Wentworth and Aston arrived at this town from Turin, where they had spent some months. Wentworth and his friend soon recognised an old acquaintance in Wharton, the admirer of Miss Pearson. They had been of the same university, though no great intimacy had subsisted between them. Natives of the same country generally associate with each other when they meet in a foreign nation; and as this was particularly the case at the place of which we are speaking, Wentworth had frequent opportunities of conversing with Miss Pearson; and so little inclination did he show to forego her society, that when Lord Aston claimed from him a promise to return to England for a few weeks, he evaded it under the pretence of indisposition, and told him that he would wait his return in the place where he then resided.

It was scarcely possible that two young people of such singular attractions as Wentworth and Miss Pearson should live so much together without feeling a mutual partiality; for the heart of the latter had remained untouched by all the assiduous attentions of Wharton. This Mrs. Pearson plainly perceived; and she had already begun to watch her daughter's conduct, with unusual attention, when an event happened, which it must now be our painful task to relate.

From the narrow state of Mrs. Pearson's finances, the failure of any stated remittance became of the most serious consequence; particularly as she resided at the house of a person with whom she had not for some time lived on the best terms, in consequence of having given a peremptory refusal to his frequent solicitations for the honour of introducing to Miss Pearson a relation of his own, an officer in a French regiment of infantry, the profligacy of whose morals was an insurmountable objection to her admitting his society. From the tottering state of a house in London, through which her income was conveyed, her usual supply had for some time failed. This, together with the insolence of her landlord on becoming acquainted with it, she carefully concealed from her daughter; and actually assisted in dressing her for the Ridout, at which she was to dance with Wentworth, after a most unpleasant interview with her creditor, who had abruptly concluded with a declaration that he would wait no longer for his money. In the society of Miss Pearson, Wentworth perpetually forgot ambition, and Miss Morton; but they never failed to resume their sway on his quitting her. He constantly on these occasions resolved to renounce her society, and he as constantly flew to enjoy it on the slightest opportunity.

This evening, in particular, he arrived early at the apartments of Mrs. Pearson to conduct her daughter to the ball; and the good old lady delivered her to him more lovely than even fancy can paint her. Human life, perhaps, affords no situation more replete with bliss than that of two persons who, with a fond and mutual attachment, become partners in the exhilarating pleasures of the dance. They

are surrounded by beauty, grace, and mirth; yet they look on each other, and feel superior to every thing around them. Our lovers strongly exemplified this observation, and they were intoxicated with bliss.

From the Ridout Wentworth attended his fair partner to the house of a lady who had accompanied her to the ball, where they were engaged to sup in a large party. The company was selected with judgment; each gentleman attended with a truly Gallic assiduity on the lady who had been his companion in the dance; nor was Wentworth far behind the most accomplished Frenchman in his attentions to his lovely charge. The table was spread with delicacies, and the Champagne, which was excellent, went round briskly. It was late when Wentworth attended Miss Pearson home. The morning was uncommonly mild and beautiful; and that it was so, was an observation frequently repeated by Miss Pearson as they rode along. This, in fact, appeared her only resource, as an answer to the frequent sighs of Wentworth, and the many pressures with which he tormented her hand, that hand which, I am afraid, notwithstanding all this, she suffered quietly to remain in his.

When they arrived at Mrs. Pearson's lodgings, the maid-servant came to the door drowned in tears! But why should I dwell on a circumstance, the relation of which must give pain to every reader of common humanity. The miscreant of a landlord had actually put his threats in execution; and Mrs. Pearson was at the time of her daughter's arrival absolutely confined in the common prison. The anguish of this poor girl as she extracted the dreadful story from the affrighted servant, is not to be described; nor was she slightly indebted to the consoling friendship of Wentworth for the small degree of serenity which she at last enjoyed. When the first transports of her sorrow were somewhat abated, Wentworth left her, with an assurance that he would not rest till every thing was done that possibly could be done in her affairs; and an earnest request that she would take that repose of which she evidently stood so much in need.

As soon as Mr. Aircastle quitted her, Miss Pearson entered her apartment, and soon dismissed her maid with an intent to retire to bed; but the mild beauty of the morning, and the carols of the birds, who were but just awakened, led her to a window which opened on an Esplanade, much frequented as a public walk on account of its commanding situation over the adjacent country.

It was on this walk that she had passed great part of the evening preceding the last in company with Wentworth. I know not whether the remembrance of that circumstance might force itself on her mind; but certain it is, that his image obtruded itself nearly as often as that of her mother, during a fit of contemplation, in which she sat for a considerable time involved at this very window. Tired at length with thinking, she inclined to the counsel of Wentworth; and, reflecting that she should be more capable of serving her mother after the refreshment of rest, undressed herself and went to bed. She had not quite fallen into her first slumber when she was alarmed by some little noise; and turning her eyes toward that part of the room from whence it proceeded, she perceived a man in a military uniform standing near the bed-side. She started up in bed, and saw the French officer, whom the master of the house had so frequently attempted to obtrude on her mother. She recollected that she had locked her door; and was certain that he must have been concealed in the chamber; which she desired him in a peremptory tone to quit. He answered, only, by clasping her in his arms! At this instant, a knock was heard at her door. She sprung from the

confinement of the Frenchman's embraces, and opening it flew terrified into the arms of the first person she met, who proved to be Wentworth himself. "Good god!" exclaimed he, what is the matter Miss Pearson?—"O!" cried she, "I have been villainously, barbarously used!"—"Surely," resumed he, "no scoundrel has dared—" He clapped his hand to his sword, and threw his eyes around the room, but he saw nobody, for the author of the mischief had taken the opportunity of his entrance, to slip behind him, and effect his escape. "For Heaven's sake," resumed Wentworth, "what is the matter?—All seems confusion here. I left the door open when I went out; and I found it in the same situation when I returned, or I should not have been able to re-enter; for the inhabitants of the house seem literally buried in sleep." Wentworth then acquainted Miss Pearson in the most delicate manner that he had vainly attempted to procure Mrs. Pearson's discharge at that hour; but that he would lodge the sum for which she had been arrested in the hands of the magistrate early in the morning; and that she should see her mother at breakfast; that he had been afraid, lest her needless anxiety should detain her from that repose which was so abundantly necessary; and that, therefore, he could not forbear calling to give her all the immediate comfort in his power. Miss Pearson now for the first time recollected her own situation. She broke from Wentworth's arms, and slipped on her robe-de-chambre. But her just fears of the landlord's villainy induced her to detain her protector in her room, where the solitude of the scene, the presence of the object beloved, the effects of the past evening's entertainment, the flutter of her spirits; in short, the uncommon circumstances of her very dangerous situation, united with her gratitude to Wentworth for favours which he was about most vilely to cancel, rendered easy to that inconsiderate man the commission of a crime, which long dashed his cup of life with the bitter infusion of unavailing remorse!

I will not attempt to describe the horrors which rushed on the mind of Wentworth when the first delirium of intoxication was over; for he was no calm, deliberate villain! They equalled, and they could not exceed, those of the unfortunate Barbara. She hung for all her hopes of comfort on him who had not that comfort to bestow, till it was time that Wentworth should attend the magistrate for the purpose of liberating her mother. He then took his leave the most miserable of mankind; and having procured Mrs. Pearson's discharge accompanied her to breakfast. There, guilty and dejected, he sat! to be cut to the heart by those grateful caresses of this good injured woman; which, had he not poisoned the seat of their reception, must have filled him with the richest satisfaction enjoyed by benevolence.

She could not but observe the miserable smile which ill attempted to disguise the wretchedness at his heart; and kindly observed, that he suffered her misfortunes to oppress him too deeply. "But," added she, "I will give you comfort. You know the circumstances of Mr. Wharton; he has asked my permission to pay his addresses to Bab on his return to town, whence you know he has been for some days absent. I told him exactly the state of our affairs, at the situation of which he was so far from expressing any dissatisfaction that he promised to do every thing in his power for the establishment of our felicity." Poor Miss Pearson complained of an excruciating pain in her side, and retired; it was, indeed, the most excruciating of pains that the peculiar sensibility of the female bosom is ever destined to feel!

The pangs of remorse which rent the bosom of this imprudent man on the fatal occasion, are not to be described; yet

such was the power of a habit of thinking, to which he had been long inured, that he never for a moment cherished the idea of shaking off his load of guilt and woe, by offering to the unhappy fair the only reparation in his power; and the pride of the wretched Barbara forbade her to hint at that which it was his duty to propose, in any of their few succeeding miserable interviews!

But though love, as well as justice, urged this step to Aircastle, he could not forego the prospect which he had through life looked up to in an alliance with Miss Morton; and, after a severe struggle with his own heart, he wrote a letter to Miss Pearson—which, in spite of all his efforts to make it otherwise, was at once indelicate and unfeeling—advising her to accept the offers of Wharton, and think no more of him! He then wrote to Lord Aston, to prevent his returning to France; and, hinting at the cause—which, as it occupied his whole heart, could not be entirely concealed from that friend who shared his every thought—mentioned his hopes of speedily seeing him in London. A few days after this he took an opportunity of pretending sudden business to Mrs. Pearson, and departed for England.

The situation of Miss Pearson when she received a letter containing such advice from a man whom she had so fatally loved; and her painful struggles to conceal her sorrow from her mother, threw her into a slow fever, which the excellence of her constitution alone enabled her to surmount; and on her recovery from which resentment assisted her to support her in a resolution which she had formed, of sacrificing her own happiness to that of the most affectionate of parents, by giving her hand to Wharton, who was accordingly received in form as a lover.

As soon as possible after his arrival in England, Wentworth hastened to throw himself at the feet of Miss Morton. Whether his enlarged experience since he had last seen this lady, or the image of the lovely Miss Pearson, which was constantly before his eyes, had wrought a change in his mind, may be well doubted; but it is certain that he no longer saw those charms in Miss Morton, which had originally captivated him. Her person, indeed, he still owned to be uncommonly beautiful; but in her mind he thought he could now discover much pride, ignorance, and affectation. He had not been long in the house when to his infinite surprise, he saw Lord Aston enter. Miss Morton flew to him with triumph in her looks; and the ruin of all Wentworth's high-built hopes plainly stared him in the face!

I shall pass over some years of this young man's life; during which he saw with the bitterest anguish the gradual declension of all his highbuilt hopes! From the golden prospects of profit and honour, he sunk to those of affluence; from affluence to ease; from ease to competence; from competence to what is absolutely necessary. His intimates, indeed, who were in general young men of the first rank in the kingdom, still caressed him; and, probably, had they been of sufficient age to have obtained employment themselves, they might have thought of an appointment for him. As it was, his fortune was nearly consumed when his name was mentioned to the minister, who immediately asked if he was a man of business? "I Cannot say that; but he has a powerful and cultivated genius; he will support you in the house."—"Is he a speaker, then?"—"He has never been tried; but, I judge, from his talents."—"I am sorry that I cannot think of any thing just now. However let him hope; at present there are two or three men of business who are ready to come over to us, and whom we must let in."

Mr. Aircastle was frequently urged by his friends to marry; and his person and accomplishments were particularly cal-

culated to render him successful with the sex. But he was so unwilling to part with every idea of bliss in the married state, that all the good things passed by him: a widow of fifty, with a title and enormous jointure; a crooked old-maid; and the daughter of a London alderman, a perfect idiot! Thus did this unfortunate man behold all his hopes in life withering by degrees; and after a painful and ineffectual struggle he gave up the fight, and sat down in a state little short of despondency. He seemed callous to the dunning of his landlord; and removed, with the utmost tranquillity, from the first floor to the second; from the second to the garret; and from the garret to the street. In this state of insensibility to the miseries of his situation, the thoughts of Miss Pearson, and the injury he had done her were alone capable of affecting his mind. He would dwell on them with an attention which nearly endangered his intellects. "Yet surely," would he cry, after ruminating long on the subject, "villain as I have been, were she to behold my present miseries she is too much an angel not to pity them!"

The clothes which he had not been compelled to part with, now grew more than shabby; and the erect mien, which his pride had long supported against the dejecting influence of poverty, entirely forsook him. He seemed an outcast from society; and might be seen wandering, in the hazy noon of a November day, amidst the new though ruined buildings in the fields skirting the metropolis; the very picturesque resort of want, and of woe! He was at length ejected from a miserable garret in a miserable tenement with the last sixpence he could call his own in his pocket; and he wandered about the streets with a bitter smile on his countenance, betraying that callousness to misery which is little short of insanity. Though the shades of night came on—wet, comfortless, and dreary, he ceased not his walk; but continued wandering till that time when the streets are wholly deserted, except by the ruffian of the night, and the most naked and miserable of the miserable outcasts from female society. Fatigue at length made him pause at the corner of a street; and leaning over a post which stood in that place, he remained immoveable for a considerable time. The patrol, who had once already passed him, finding him at his return fixed on the same spot, began to suspect that he was watching one of the houses opposite with no good intent. He therefore, laid hold on him, and his answers to the questions of this officer being strangely incoherent, confirmed those suspicions which his ragged garb was by no means calculated to dispel. The man thought it his duty, which it undoubtedly was, to convey a person thus circumstanced to the watch-house. Wentworth accompanied him thither, neither seeming to know, or caring whether he was going.

When he arrived at his place of destination he was searched, and a sixpence, which proved a bad one, was all that the most diligent examination could discover in his possession. This circumstance, however, did not weigh much with the constable of the night against those suspicious ones under which he was taken, and it was thought right to detain him. As neither the dress of Wentworth nor the state of his finances which had been so abruptly discovered, qualified him for the company of this magistrate, he was carried down into a place they called the cell—and aptly, indeed, was it named;—where they left him to his repose. That repose, I scarcely need say, he was a stranger to; not that he was sufficiently collected to enter into all the wretchedness of his situation; but his mind wandered through a loose disjointed train of ideas, and enjoyed not even a shadow of rest.

The clock of a church, near the place where he was confined, struck two. In

the dead stillness of the night the solemnity of the sound caught his attention; he started from a miserable bench, formed by a board placed on two large loose stones, and walked to the grate of his cell, where the little light it had afforded was suddenly eclipsed by an object which covered the front. This proved to be a woman, who sat herself down by it. "Is any one in this miserable hole?" cried she, in that peculiarly hoarse voice which is the result of night-walking. "Who asks the question?" cried Wentworth, in a faint tone. "A wretched harlot!" resumed the woman. "Ah, child! beware of the miseries of prostitution; I know the dreary cell, and have frequently been an inmate there."—"I am a man!" cried Wentworth. "A man! a man!" cried she: "then, tremble at the crime of seduction!" Wentworth started: that word, like a severe application to a body apparently senseless, instantaneously recalled him to himself. "Surely," sighed he, "all seduction has not miserable consequences! A woman may marry, and avoid prostitution."—"O the baseness of your cruel sex!" exclaimed she; "this is ever the language of the insolent seducer. The artful conduct of a villain triumphed over my virgin innocence, and, by the advice of that vile miscreant, I accepted the hand of an honest man, and carried pollution to his unsuspecting bosom! Nor did my guilt stop there! I had imbibed the poison of variety; I had no conscious innocence to guard me against a repetition of the pernicious banquet; and I fell, again, immersed still deeper in sin. Repeated were the attempts to save me, but they were vain. I took, at last, to drinking. Alas! my poor good husband! Oh, Wharton! Wharton!" The watchman now approached, crying the hour. Her tone in a moment changed. She bestowed a vulgar execration on the unwelcome intruder; and huddling her clothes around her, walked, or rather slid along the pavement: muttering till she was heard no more.

The horrors of Wentworth's mind now began to impair his understanding. He clung to the grate through which he had heard the voice, and long continued to listen with the most eager attention. Early in the morning, a person entered the cell. The moment Wentworth saw him, he asked with great earnestness towards what place that grate opened. When he was told, "Towards the Church-yard,"—which was the case, though a street intervened—the idea seemed wholly to take possession of his mind. He repeated—"The Church-yard!" several times, and began to be persuaded, that the voice which he had heard was more or less than human.

His distressed situation interested the gentleman who entered the cell, to an uncommon degree; and he procured him his liberty, provided him a new lodging, and furnished him with necessaries. Nor will the reader, perhaps, greatly wonder at these extraordinary marks of attention, when he is informed, that the war was now carrying on with the utmost vigour; that new regiments were daily raising; and that this gentleman was no other than a recruiting-serjeant, whom the constable for the night had agreed to furnish with a certain quota of men. Though the gaining a recruit, was the first motive of the serjeant's kindness towards Wentworth, his humanity, of which the fellow actually possessed a considerably larger share than is often to be expected from that fraternity, interested him much in the fate of his unfortunate prize. In short, he attended him with such assiduity, that when the regiment was ordered to march to a town in Hampshire to mount guard over the prisoners of war, there was no other appearance of Wentworth's former wretchedness than a sable melancholy which frequently overshadowed his countenance.

In the course of the serjeant's attend-

ance on him when Wentworth was somewhat recovered, he had mentioned the circumstance of the woman's addressing him through the grate of the cell; imagining, as the place seemed familiar to her, that he might gain some intelligence, if indeed she were really a human existence. The serjeant told him, that he knew her perfectly well; that she was called Mad Bess; that she had once or twice been confined there; and that frequently since, she had been accustomed to sit by the grate for hours together; that he believed there was no harm in her, though she was a little out of her mind; and that she had good relations, who either could not, or would not do any thing more for her. This account but little assisted to dispel the sorrows of the miserable despondent.

Having thus seen the aspiring hopes of Aircastle, so chimerically formed, and so weakly supported, entirely abandon their unhappy votary, and after conducting him into one of the very lowest situations of human subordination, the reader will probably wish to turn his attention towards the fair victim of that unfortunate man's ill-governed passions, and ill-directed ambition.

Miss Pearson had, for some time, listened with an aching heart to the overtures of Mr. Wharton, and had nearly exhausted every species of excuse for the prostration of those nuptials which she was on reflection fully determined never to celebrate, when she received the following letter written in a female hand—

MADAM,

Understanding that you are soon to be united to the most perjured of men, I think proper to acquaint you that Mr. Wharton is contracted to me by the most sacred ties. I send you this, I hope, timely notice, lest the most perfidious of his sex should add one more to the many women whom he has already rendered miserable.

This, Madam, comes from no hidden incendiary. If you require farther information on this hated subject, you have my address; and I shall readily give more particular satisfaction, on your directing any inquiries to, Madam, your very humble and obedient servant,

ELIZABETH HARRIS.

Brownlow Street, Holborn.

Miss Pearson, the next time she saw Mr. Wharton, put this letter into his hand; he appeared much confounded, when he read it; and declared it to be a most villainous trick, calculated to deprive him of every glimpse of happiness. He concluded with a determination to depart for London immediately in order to unravel the mystery; and, accordingly, set off in a few days. His departure gave Miss Pearson full time to recollect herself; and the more she reflected on her situation, the more she saw the impropriety of her conduct in ever listening to his proposals. She felt herself on the verge of practising the most unjustifiable deceit; and, before his return from England, had resolutely determined to break with him entirely.

Mr. Wharton returned in a very short time, and produced a letter, written in the same hand with that which Miss Pearson had received, denying all that was said in the former letter, and imputing it to the malicious instigation of a third person. Miss Pearson, however, continued firm to her resolution, and broke abruptly with Mr. Wharton; who, after some fruitless attempts at a reconciliation, finally departed for England.

About this period Miss Pearson was called to England by the death of her brother, to take possession of that estate which he had just lived long enough to inherit from his uncle. Mrs. Pearson accompanied her; but the state of her health, which had been for some time declining, and was considerably impaired by the shock it received on this occasion, forbade her long to enjoy her daughter's

acquisition of wealth; she died in about two years after her return to England. Miss Pearson, after her mother's decease, lived almost entirely on her estate; the house belonging to which was situated in a genteel town, at no great distance from the coast, in the delightful county of Hants. She had spent some years in retirement, when a letter came by the post, written in the same hand with those she had received in Normandy; the contents of which made her a thousand times return thanks to Heaven for the resolution which had led her to avoid a marriage with Wharton. This letter was to implore her charity towards the person who had formerly written to her. It stated, that the writer had been seduced and abandoned by Wharton, who, on his return to England, in consequence of the first letter Miss Pearson received in France, had cajoled her into a recantation of what she had originally and truly advanced; that he had then given her a sum of money, and patched up a match between her and his butler; that her husband was dead; and that she was herself reduced to extreme poverty.

Miss Pearson made immediate inquiries after this unfortunate woman, through a friend in London; and found, indeed, that she was in extreme distress; but that some disagreeable circumstances rendered it impossible to afford her any certain and permanent relief. Nor will this appear at all extraordinary, when it is known that this was the identical unhappy wretch, who had addressed Aircastle through the grate of his cell. Miss Pearson, however, commissioned her friend in town to afford her occasional assistance; which was faithfully continued long after it was plainly perceived to be entirely thrown away on that miserable being.

Nor was this the only opportunity which Miss Pearson enjoyed of displaying the extraordinary benevolence of her disposition. She was one day informed that a person wished particularly to speak with her; and a man was introduced, who bore about his person all the marks of poverty ill-disguised. He told her that he was a French officer, and a prisoner on parole that she was the last person to whom he ought to apply for relief; but that pressing necessity had driven him even to her, the only person, indeed, whom he knew in this country. Miss Pearson looked in his face, and immediately recollected that he was the French officer who had so grossly insulted her in Normandy; but that face, which betrayed evident signs of extreme want, and bore some apparent marks of contrition, forbade her to dwell on the retrospect; and she dismissed him with a genteel present. The interview with this original assailant of her honour, brought more strongly to her mind the remembrance of its false protector, whom she had for years vainly endeavoured to banish from that seat of purity; and she retired to her chamber to add one more sad tribute of tears to the many thousands already ineffectually paid!

The cruel cause of these unavailing regrets was reduced, in the mean time, as the reader has seen, from the society of some of the first persons in the kingdom, to that of the private soldiers in a regiment of foot. The unavoidable coarseness and indelicacy of this life, must be a perpetual source of disgust to a man educated like Aircastle; and though, in the mirth and good-humour of these fellows, he sometimes found a temporary relief from his sorrows, it is not to be supposed that he chose to pass many hours in their company, when he could conveniently avoid it. He, however, submitted to his fate with a sort of sullen acquiescence; neither making the smallest effort to procure his discharge, nor attempting to distinguish himself, as

a person of his abilities might easily have done, so as to attract the attention of the commanding officer, and procure some situation out of the ranks.

The prison of the town where the regiment was on duty consisted of the remaining bastion of a very ancient fortification; and many an hour did poor Wentworth tread, with solemn step, the ruins, of these once formidable works; enjoying the delights of melancholy which still occasionally blesses even the most wretched!—He had, one moonlight evening been just relieved from his post, and was walking at a small distance from a little temporary guard-room, when he perceived two females pass him in their way towards the town: for the remaining ramparts, which commanded a beautiful view of the adjacent country, were much frequented as a promenade by the genteeler inhabitants on a summer's evening. Wentworth had avoided them as they passed, for his dejected spirit shunned all intercourse with the society which he had formerly enjoyed. A comrade who met him, however, accidentally observed, that he believed those young women had something on their minds, as he had frequently observed them to walk apart from the rest of the company, and always to remain late on the ramparts. This observation induced Wentworth to follow them with his eyes as they descended by a winding path, from the ramparts, and entered a little grove which led to the town. They had scarcely reached this spot when he heard them shriek violently. As he had not yet laid by his arms, he sprang over a low wall which rose in his front, and flew to the spot whence the sound proceeded; where he perceived the two ladies, struggling with three men; two of whom fled on his first approach, but the third drew a hanger from beneath his coat, and advanced fiercely towards him. In the mean time Wentworth, whose bayonet was unfixed, levelled a blow at the ruffian with the butt of his piece, and brought him instantly to the ground. He then approached the principal lady: who was supported by her companion, a very elegant female, and begged that he might be permitted to attend her into the town.

The voice of the lady, as she answered him, struck Wentworth to the soul; and the moon, which had been for some time obscured by a cloud, at this moment breaking out in all its splendour, confirmed the intelligence of his ear by discovering to him the face of Miss Pearson. "Great God!" exclaimed he, "Miss Pearson!" She looked at him; she recollected him; uttered, inarticulately, an exclamation of surprise; and turning round sunk with her face on the bosom of her attendant. Wentworth fell at her feet; and a scene ensued which I might in vain attempt to describe.—When they resumed sufficient recollection to look for the person who was the author of the outrage on Miss Pearson, they found that he had escaped. Wentworth then asked if she knew his face. To which she replied—"Too well!" and informed him, that he was the same miscreant, from whose insults he had rescued her in France, and that he was accompanied by two strange men, one of whom appeared to be a postilion.

Wentworth conducted his mistress home that night; and easily excused himself to his friend the serjeant, who happened to be his commanding officer on duty. The next day he again saw Miss Pearson; and learned all those circumstances from her own mouth, with which the reader has been previously acquainted. In concluding her narrative, she assured him that she had firmly resolved to live single for the remainder of her days:—A resolution which the reader will probably not be surprised to find, she was soon prevailed on to break in favour of Mr. Aircastle.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

*The Valley of Chamounix, Mont Blanc,
and the Glaciers. No. I.*
(From a Tour in Switzerland in 1831)

The outline of Mont Blanc is a gradual and pleasing curve, broken by various undulations. Its extreme elevation has often been calculated both by trigonometrical and barometrical measurements, although few appear to agree as to its exact altitude: by M. Deluc's observations, it would seem to be 15,300 French feet; by M. Traill's, 15,700; and, by Sanssouire, who ascended the mountain in 1785, 15,662, above the level of the sea. It is described as being divided into three distinct regions; the lower, consisting of a mass of rock, surrounded by, and united to, the adjacent mountains, estimated at about 7000 feet; the middle called the Dôme, at nearly 13,000 feet; and the highest, called the *Bosse du Dromedaire*, at upwards of 15,000. Each peak, rock, and distinct elevation of this mountain, has a name; and such of the guides as are accustomed to conduct the traveller over these dangerous regions, assign names to particular stones and bodies of ice they have met with in their enterprising adventures. Owing to the peculiar clearness of the atmosphere and serenity of the air, on the day of our arrival, we had a most favourable opportunity of contemplating the beauty and grandeur of the mountain. On a fine evening it is tinged with a variety of the richest and most beautiful colours, softly blended into one another; whilst the extensive mass of snow resembles a very universe of transparent crystal. Directing the eye obliquely along the base of the mountain, it presents, to the height of four or five thousand feet, a most curious combination of blasted rocks of marble, granite, and calcareous substances, forest trees, abrupt precipices, and patches of cultivated land. Here and there it exhibits broad and deep ravines, on whose sides the snow, falling from the higher parts, and congealing as it falls, has formed a countless variety of whimsical pyramids. Coming nearer to the valley, the eye becomes relieved by cheerful and lovely meadows, animated by the industrious peasantry and their smiling farms. Such was the view we enjoyed from the window of our apartment. The difficulty and danger attending an ascent of Mont Blanc are generally known. Whenever a rumour is abroad at Chamounix of such an attempt being contemplated by travellers, the peasantry immediately take alarm for those members of their families who are likely to be numbered among the guides. If the adventure is resolved upon, they assemble to witness their departure with great solicitude, and salute them with the same feeling and interest they would bestow on a soldier about to engage a furious and powerful enemy. On attaining the Dôme, the danger is great; for at the moment when, perchance, the traveller is about to congratulate himself on the accomplishment of his arduous enterprise, he suddenly discovers the mass of snow, on which he is softly treading, to be in motion. His probable fate is in this case dreadful. The accumulating of snow is so prodigious, that it can hardly sustain its own weight, and sometimes the slightest pressure will detach masses of it, which, sliding down slowly and almost imperceptibly, sweep every thing before them, until either their progress is averted by the accidental projection of a rock, or they are lost in the abyss of some deep and yawning chasm. Many are the instances on record, in which nearly half the individuals of an expedition have perished in this way. During our stay

at Prieuré, we every now and then heard noises resembling distant thunder, caused by these falling masses, which are often attended with the most dangerous consequences to the lower valleys.

Chamounix is situated in the Department of Faucigny, and may probably derive its name from the "chamois," which abound in this part of the Alps. These animals mostly frequent the higher mountains, and are often observed climbing up the most dangerous precipices, in herds of ten to fifteen. The village does not boast of many habitations, although a number of cottages are scattered through the valleys. Most of the houses appear to have been only recently erected; probably since the peace, which brought a crowd of visitors to this delightful spot, and consequently an increase of wealth to its inhabitants. Not far from the hotel, are two or three repositories for natural curiosities, where large collections of the stones and minerals found on the adjacent mountains are exhibited for sale. They are systematically arranged in chip boxes of different sizes, from the low price of five francs to five Napoleons. I admired the richness and beauty of some of the pebbles.

We soon began to prepare for the toilsome ascent up Montanvert and the Glaciers. This mountain rises abruptly to the height of nearly 3000 feet above the level of the valley. Its appearance is cheerful and luxuriant, which the name of Montanvert seems to imply. It is clothed with variegated and beautiful shrubs: the wild rose and rhododendron flourish, in great abundance, to the very summit. The pastures in the lower part are good; there the cattle graze with as much safety as in the valley, and are generally attended by the female peasantry, who wear immensely large straw bonnets, which have a very picturesque effect. Our guide, before setting out, furnished each of us with a pole about seven feet long, having a spike at one end.

Having crossed the Arve, over a curiously constructed wooden bridge, we quickly commenced our arduous ascent. We at first entered an irregular thicket, which terminated on a small tract of pasture. Hence the mountain becomes exceedingly steep and difficult of ascent. Our path lay diagonally along the side of it. We alternately ascended and descended, sometimes proceeding in a zig-zag direction, sometimes climbing up perpendicular projections of broken rocks, and over rugged beds of stone. Our party had advanced scarcely more than half way, when I became so distressingly dizzy, that I was seized with an involuntary trembling. Our movements were now more perilous than ever; and having intimated to our guide the uneasiness of my situation, he very promptly came to my assistance, and placed me behind the trunk of a broken tree, recommending me to fix my eyes steadfastly on the precipice beneath, until I became habituated to the view, a plan, which, by experience, I found to be highly beneficial. The valley of Chamounix had begun partly to disappear, and Mont Breven seemed to be rapidly stretching its naked and rugged ramparts closer to us. During our short stay at this resting place we were surrounded by a group of peasant girls, carrying baskets of wine, fruit, and bread, which they offered to us. When we had rested a little, we again resumed our journey; and, after a most laborious march, our steps frequently impeded by large stones, fragments of broken rocks and trunks of trees, and even entire trees, torn up by the roots, which lay scattered in every direction,—memorials of the tempest or the destructive avalanche,—we entered a thicket of small forest trees, and soon gained the summit of the mountain, having been three hours and fifteen minutes in reaching it. I looked around me, and gazed for some time at the magic

scene in a reverie of silent amazement. Here the astonished traveller may in a short space of time range over the several climes of Siberia, France, England, and Italy; he may successively traverse mountains of frozen snow, and of luxuriant vegetation; and from the surface of unfathomable rivers of massive ice, he may instantly step into bowers of odiferous and beautiful shrubs. Frozen cascades, bordered by the Alpine rose, meet him on one side, whilst trickling rills, overhung by clusters of forest trees, salute him on the other. Mont Blanc, in the rear, emblazons the chilly landscape in all the pomp and pageantry of its glory. I was much surprised to find, after attaining an eminence of nearly 3000 feet above the valley, that, instead of being diminished to our view, it had wonderfully increased in height; and on my remarking this circumstance to our guide, he assured me that he had more particularly observed it himself, at the time he ascended Mont Blanc; "and," added he, "the higher I advanced, the more visibly striking was the delusion." The enormous spiral rocks, of "*aiguilles*," as they are called, that rise like beautiful pyramids into the heavens, from the centre of these cold and dreary deserts, are amongst the most striking features of the scene; they form a part of the chain of Mont Blanc, and appear, from this position, even to rival it in height. To the left of the spot where we stood, was the celebrated Mer de Glace, on the subject of which so many travellers have deservedly employed their pens. Nature has formed this vast body of ice, in the centre of a zone of majestic mountains, about 500 feet below the summit of Montanvert. The first effect of the Mer de Glace from this situation is very imposing; it is a vast sea, or, perhaps more properly speaking, a broad river of ice, of many miles extent, apparently under the influence of a tremendous hurricane,—the waves foaming mountains high;—and what contributes materially to assist the imagination, is, that these furious billows seem all to incline in one direction, as if in reality impelled by the wind. We now proceeded to descend from the summit of Montanvert towards the ice; our movements were however, extremely slow, great circumspection being requisite to prevent our making a false step, which might have proved fatal to us.

LITERATURE.

INQUIRY AS TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE WAVERLY NOVELS.
No. I.

Nearly ten years have elapsed since the publication of the first of those inimitable novels, which now hold the highest rank in that species of literature, without the author of them giving his name to the world. Except in the case of the Letters of Junius, we know of no parallel to this in the republic of letters. But it is only in the obscurity, which has attended the name of both writers, that the comparison is admissible; for we much doubt, notwithstanding their intrinsic merit, whether the Letters of Junius would have been so much read, if the name of the writer, instead of being carefully concealed, had appeared on the titlepage. The events which he notices were of a nature peculiar to the times in which he lived, and have lost much of their interest by every day's removal from the period to which they referred: but the Waverly novels, being generally accurate and admirable sketches of English and Scottish history and manners, which give them the character of national records, and written in the most fascinating manner, are calculated, independent altogether of the name or reputation of the author, to make a permanent impression on the mind, and to secure to the works themselves the high reputa-

tion which they have so justly acquired. This circumstance may be thought to lessen the interest which might otherwise be felt as to the name of the author. Still, as considerable discussion has taken place on the subject, and as some of our journals continue, without any evidence, to attribute the novels to a person who has never pretended to the authorship, we have thought that a dispassionate inquiry on the subject might be acceptable to our readers, as a matter of curiosity; the more so, that we have had opportunities of acquiring information respecting it, which we believe few in this country will pretend to.

The novel entitled "Waverly," the first of the series, made its appearance in the year 1814, and was shortly after followed by "Guy Mannering," and the "Antiquary." From the preface to the last of these, it appears that the author did not entertain very sanguine hopes of success; and, under that impression, he intimated that he did not mean to trouble the world with any more productions of that description. Contrary, however, to his anticipations, and long before the question as to the authorship was agitated, the public opinion was so decidedly expressed in favour of the novels, that the writer was induced to resume his pen; and, with a rapidly evincing herculean powers of mind, he has continued down to the present hour, to captivate public attention, by a succession of works, in which we find the same unequivocal traces of genius, the same accurate delineation of character, the same glowing efforts of fancy, the same skill in description, in scenery, in habits, and in manners, which rendered his early productions so attractive.

That the author of works so celebrated should withhold his name from them, and carefully conceal himself from public notice, are circumstances which cannot be accounted for on any ordinary supposition. The motives inducing him to forego the renown they would attach to his name, must be more powerful than those which lead him to be content with the mere pecuniary advantages he obtains from them; for it is impossible to read any one of the novels, without discovering that the writer highly estimates a good name, and would prefer it to the possession of all the wealth in the universe. He must, therefore, have forfeited all claim to the countenance of society; he must, by some foul deed, have placed himself in such a state of jeopardy, that the bare avowal of his name would bring immediate destruction on his head.

A variety of circumstances, to be developed in the sequel, induce us to believe that such a man is the real author of the novels in question. The crime of which he was guilty, is at once so detestable, and so sure of being punished with death by the laws of England, that he would have been acting the part of a maniac to have made a disclosure which would have been attended with such fatal consequences. In these circumstances, and as there was considerable curiosity to know who the writer was, his friends, who were very numerous, and of powerful influence, afraid that his name would transpire, set about diverting the public attention from the right channel, by giving it out that the novels were the production of Walter Scott.

The first hint of this appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, which issues from the press of Constable and Company, the publishers of the Waverly novels. The interest of these men was evidently connected with the concealment of the fact. The *London Examiner*, a servile imitation of the whiggish principles of Jeffrey & Co., and a few other publications which advocated similar politics, followed in the track of the *Edinburgh Review*, without making any inquiry as to the fact, or seeming to regard it as of much consequence.

Thus matters continued until the month

of August 1820, when a statement appeared in the *London Magazine* respecting the poetical works of Walter Scott, in which the writer distinctly denied that he was the author of the Waverly novels, and attributed them to "a near relative of Sir Walter's." His denial is in the following words:—"We now come to the question that has been so long, and so earnestly argued—Is he, (Sir Walter) or is he not, the author of what are emphatically denominated 'The Scotch Novels?' We expressly and confidently declare he is not."

No notice was taken of this express and confident denial either by Walter Scott or his friends.

In the same month of August, the Editor of the *Champion*, a Sunday newspaper, then conducted by the Mr. Scott who lately fell in a duel at Paris, distinctly stated that Sir Walter had denied being the author of the Waverly novels when the question was put to him; and that the real "mysterious author of Waverly, Rob Roy, and the Antiquary, of the Tales of My Landlord, Ivanhoe &c. is no other than Dr. Greenfield."

This second pointed denial, and the avowal of the name of the person whom we consider the real author of the novels, was also disregarded; while some of the newspapers, attached to the interests of the publishers, continued, without examination, to speak of them as the production of Scott.

In the *Liverpool Kaleidoscope* of the 5th September 1820, a correspondent names "Captain Scott, Paymaster of the 7th Regt." then in Upper Canada, as the "great unknown." The *London Magazine*, of the October following, transfers this honour from Captain Scott to the lady of that gentleman; and repeats its statement, that Sir Walter was not the author, but that the works "were severally sent to him by that relative in an unfinished state, for revision, correction and methodizing."—The *Quebec Herald*, pretending to know more of the secret than any one else, reasserted, that the brother of Walter Scott, and not the lady of the former, was the author. The Editor added, that "the Reviews and other publications in England and Scotland familiarly prefix his (Walter Scott's) name to the novels, though he refuses to do it himself."

Whether the frequent denials and evasions of Scott, and the numerous contradictions in the newspapers, had made those who wished to fix the authorship on the baronet, ashamed of their proceedings, we shall not pretend to say.—But, in the *Glasgow Journal* of May 1821, we find a new competitor brought forward in the person of a Mrs. Grant; who, evidently, not having been consulted in the business, denied all participation in the novels; attributing them, according to the previous rumour, to Sir Walter. In the same paper, we have the following exposition of the absurd stories, with which the public had been so long amused, respecting the supposed author of these novels:—

"I have sometimes heard people assert that Sir Walter was the writer of these novels; and feeling interested in the question, and anxious to sift the delusion to the last point, I have frequently inquired the grounds of their belief, and what facts they could adduce to warrant their opinion. A number of stories were told in reply; but upon pushing them for authorities, I uniformly traced them to the persons whose pecuniary interest was served by this appropriation of Sir Walter's name. The last resource is the assumption that it must be so, because, forsooth, it is a general belief. But what, I demand, are the grounds for the 'general belief?' The novels bear no resemblance whatever to Sir Walter Scott's productions; and, justly satisfied with his own celebrity, and disdaining to purchase, even by a blameless silence, a moment's spurious popularity, he has pointedly denied the works not only in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, but to his Majesty at the Levee, and uniformly to his friends."

Finding themselves so completely defeated in all their attempts to convince the public by gratuitous assertions; perceiving that neither Colonel Scott of Quebec, the lady of the colonel, nor Mrs. Grant, could be upheld in the claims set

up for them; and observing that Walter Scott, from being frequently assailed on the subject, seemed to feel rather restless under the borrowed honours with which he had been decorated; his friends, or rather the friends of Dr. Greenfield, resorted to another method of carrying their favourite project. They employed a Mr. Heber to write a book, in which he endeavoured to prove, by gathering together allusions, corresponding passages, and particular expressions from Scott's poems, that he Sir Walter, was the author of the Waverly novels. But this new attempt was doomed to share the fate of all the former deceptions, as appears from the *Newcastle Magazine*, for November last, in which the Editor, states, on what he "believes to be good authority," that Mr. Heber lately inquired of Sir Walter, in a private company, if he was the true author, and that Sir Walter replied in the following words: "You know, Heber, that as a literary man I might be justified in denying works attributed to me; but I will not avail myself of that privilege: I will inform you honestly as a man, that I am NOT the author of the novels."

As a farther corroboration of the fact, that Sir Walter Scott cannot be considered the author of these novels, we observe it stated in the *Liverpool Mercury*, of the 24th January last, that "the mysterious care and caution with regard to the manuscript and the correction of the proof sheets, which were in the first instance so scrupulously observed, still obtain. The manuscript sent to the printer is not in the handwriting of Sir Walter Scott; and, during the progress of each work through the press, two proof sheets are regularly forwarded to the author, by an intermediate person, one of which is returned corrected, evidently in a disguised hand." Supposing Walter Scott had not disavowed the authorship, we might ask, what necessity existed for his concealing his handwriting; for having two proof-sheets of every work; for having these forwarded by an intermediate person; and for one of the proofs being returned corrected, evidently in a disguised hand? We do not conceive that any other answer could be given to these questions than that of Sir Walter himself, when he told Mr. Heber that he was "not the author of the novels;" while "the mysterious care and caution," which obtain to conceal the real writer, afford strong presumptive evidence that the credit is alone due to the unfortunate and proscribed Dr. Greenfield.

We shall resume the subject in succeeding numbers.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

The Events of a Day, a Comic Opera. By DAVID HENDERSON.

We have been favoured with the perusal of a drama, having the above title, from the pen of a young man in this city, and, we believe, his first production of that description. Having been permitted by the author, we give the following sketch of the plot:—

Old Lookout of Greenlea hall, is the sole guardian of his niece Amelia, whose fortune is left with this condition, that she must please the uncle in her marriage or she cannot obtain it. Lorraine, the descendant of an ancient but reduced family, had paid his addresses to Amelia and won her affections. The uncle, a man of a mercenary disposition, estimating men only by their wealth, loves his niece; and from motives of kindness refuses her the man on whom she had placed her affections, considering it his duty to look out for, and provide her with, a suitable (that is a rich) husband. Lorraine, finding it

impossible to obtain Lookout's consent, went abroad for the purpose of improving his fortune, and Amelia promised to wait till his return. During his absence, many suitors waited upon her; but they all were refused. The uncle, knowing that Lorraine was the cause, intercepted his letters to Amelia, and fabricated a report of his death, that she might accept the hand of Mr. Skelton, a man of little education, but who had been left an immense fortune. Believing Lorraine to be dead, Amelia consents to marry Skelton merely to be released from her uncle's incessant urging.

Lorraine had been absent five years. The drama commences on his return to the neighbourhood of Greenlea hall. He sends his servant John (an Irishman) to a cottage at a little distance to make inquiries. In this cottage are discovered Rob Proverb (a tailor) and Janet his wife: the one tailoring and the other spinning. Lorraine understands from the tailor that Amelia is on the point of being married. He makes himself known to the tailor; writes to Amelia to meet him in the avenue, and the tailor, who takes home a suit of clothes for old Lookout to wear at the approaching wedding, engages to deliver it into her own hands. Amelia and her maid Nelly are conversing in Greenlea Hall. Amelia pours out her sorrows at being obliged to marry a man she cannot love. Nelly thinks she should wait longer for Lorraine. Amelia discovers that Skelton had promised Nelly marriage, but deserted her when he came to riches, which determines her (Amelia) to draw back. Rob the tailor enters with the clothes for Lookout. The latter tries on the coat, when the former, with some difficulty, delivers the letter to Amelia unobserved. The coat does not fit, and Rob, takes it home with him to alter. Amelia is left alone; she reads the letter; is overcome, and in the act of fainting, her uncle enters; supports her; discovers the letter on the floor, which he reads. Amelia at length declares to him she cannot marry Skelton; the uncle insists, and at last locks her up in her room to prevent her meeting with Lorraine.

Lorraine sends John to Rob's cottage to see if the letter was delivered. Rob and John have a humorous drinking scene. John returns to his master. Lorraine comes to the avenue, expecting to meet Amelia, but meets Old Lookout, who fabricates a story on purpose that Lorraine may leave the country in despair. Lorraine returns to Rob's cottage to thank him, and bid farewell. Nelly had brought a letter for Lorraine from Amelia, which Rob delivers him; they consult; Rob goes to the hall with the coat finished, and has instructed Lorraine to be at a certain place. Lookout puts on the coat and throws the old one on the chair. Rob advises him to step into the next room, and view himself in the large glass, and whilst there, Rob takes the key out of the old coat pocket, opens Amelia's door, and tells her to run to the place where she will meet her lover. Lookout re-enters, after Amelia's door is locked again, but before Rob can get the key replaced in the pocket; which however he effects by stratagem. Skelton arrives to marry Amelia. Lookout opens the door to bring her out, and discovers that she has escaped. They take to their horses in pursuit. In the mean time the lovers meet and proceed to Gretna-Green. Lookout and Skelton return from their unsuccessful search, and step into Rob's cottage. Lookout and Rob are quarrelling when Lorraine and Amelia enter. Lookout is at length reconciled to the lovers. Nelly appears: Amelia introduces her to Skelton as an old acquaintance of his; he has repented of his conduct, asks her forgiveness and her hand, which are granted. Lookout then invites them all to spend the evening at Greenlea Hall in honour of the events of the day, and the drama ends.

Although it is not our intention to give a critical account of this production, we feel at perfect liberty to state, that it possesses considerable merit, and might be easily adapted to the stage. In the character of Robin Proverb, the author has attempted, and we think successfully, to exhibit a particular species of humour peculiar to the lower class of the inhabitants in the south of Scotland, and as much of their manners as the action of the drama would admit. This Scotch humour is not that sort of wit which dazzles by its brightness; but derives a part of its force even from the dryness and bluntness of its manner. It is a humour peculiar to the language, and the language receives a tincture from the national character of those who use it. Robin Proverb represents no inconsiderable class of the lowland Scots who cherish the old proverbs or "wise saws" of their ancestors, and use them almost on every occurrence of life.—They heighten merriment and so-lace trouble; they incite to virtue and deter from vice; in short, they are moral guides, sure landmarks on the voyage of life.

The following songs will give a pretty correct idea of the poetic talents of the author:—

SONG.

Sung by Lorraine.—MUSIC BY OLIVER SHAW.

When music with enchanting art
Breathes strains we us'd to hear,
Awakening feelings in the heart,
To memory ever dear!
The hill—the wood—the smiling vale,
Its magic brings to view;
Where playful in life's morning gale,
We dreamt all joys were true.

It tells the tales of other days—
Of friends we know no more;
And sheds a light on memory's rays,
While fancy lingereth o'er.
Tis music's spell alone can melt
The heart unused to sigh;
And calm the breast where trouble dwelt
And brighten sorrow's eye.

O music! thine's a witching power,
Like glance of maidens' eye!
Thou charmest so the lover's hour,
Without thee love would die!
Though sweet the voice of language be,
She oft deceives we find;
But oh, the joys that spring from thee,
Ne'er leave a sting behind!

SONG.

Sung by Amelia when Nelly informs her of being deserted by her lover.

MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR.

How hard's the fate of womankind
By nature form'd to love,
Should man, inconstant as the wind,
A faithless lover prove.
He tries with each ensnaring art
To please poor woman's eyes;
Then makes a conquest of her heart,
And triumphs o'er the prize!

As eager runs the boy to seize
The painted butterfly,
Till caught at length, it fails to please.
The gaudy colours die!
So man to woman's heart applies,
Enamour'd for a day;
But gain'd at last—his ardour dies—
The charm is fled away!

And wealth can change his fickle mind,
And cause his heart to stray,
And leave a weeping maid behind,
To pine her bloom away:
But wealth nor grandeur e'er removes
A maiden's love, O never!
If once her heart sincerely loves,
She loves—she loves for ever!

SONG.

Sung by Amelia.—MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR.

Think not I could e'er deceive thee!
Fondly love, and then deceive thee!
Farewell hall, for cottage low,
If thou wilt love, and never leave me!
When Spring is round our cottage seen,
The flowers again to new-life bring;
We'll wander o'er the woodlands green,
And listen to the wild birds singing!
Think not &c.

When Summer's in her pride arrayed,
We'll seek the lonely forest dingle;
Or 'neath the hawthorn's scented shade,
In softest converse, sweetly mingle.
Think not &c.

When Autumn gilds the cultured plain,
And harvest's waving fields are mellow,
We'll blithely join the merry train
Of reapers, on the corn rigs yellow.
Think not &c.

When Winter's blasts with fury send
The snow around our humble dwelling,
With books and song, we'll sweetly spend
The season dear to social feeling!
Think not &c.

While years on years thus onward move,
Our hearts will closer bind together;
And virtue's growth keep pace with love,
Till life's warm streams dry up for ever.
Think not &c.

If it is intended to offer "The Events of a Day" for performance, to the managers of our Theatre, we are of opinion that, with the present company, the characters might be cast so as to render it a popular Opera; superior, in most respects, to the things called "dramas," which have, recently, been obtruded on our notice.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF PROFESSOR DUVAL.

M. Duval, professor of history and geography in the academy of Luneville, was the son of a peasant, and born in Burgundy, but came into Lorraine when a child, and was employed as a shepherd's boy, at a village near Nancy. His thirst after knowledge appeared in his very childhood; and, having no other means of gratifying it, he made a collection of snakes, frogs, &c. amused himself with examining these creatures, and was continually asking the neighbouring peasants why those animals were formed in such a particular manner? but the answers he received were generally such, as left him less satisfied than he was before. He once happened to see, in the hand of a country boy, Aesop's Fables with cuts, which made him still more desirous of learning than before. He could not read; and the boy, who was capable of gratifying his curiosity, was seldom in a humour to explain the animals, &c. represented in the cuts. In this distress, he determined to make himself master of the introduction to knowledge, however great the difficulties that attended it might prove. Accordingly he saved whatever money he could get, and gave it to other boys who were older than himself, for teaching him to read. Having, with incredible diligence, attained his end, he happened to meet with an almanack, in which the twelve signs of the zodiac were delineated. These he looked for so constantly, and with such attention, in the heavens, that at last he imagined that he actually traced such figures there; and though he was mistaken in this and several other particulars, yet many of his observations were such as few others are found capable of, even after receiving regular instructions.

As he once passed by a print-shop at Nancy, he observed in the window a map of the world. This opened a field for new speculations; and, having purchased it, he employed many hours every day in perusing it. At first he took the degrees on the equator for French leagues; but on considering that, in coming from Burgundy to Lorraine, he had travelled many such leagues, though on his map that distance seemed to take up a very little spot, he was convinced of the impossibility of his first conjecture. But it must have been with incredible labour, and at the same time is a signal proof of his extraordinary genius, that he acquired a thorough knowledge of these and many other signatures on the several maps; which, as often as his purse could afford it, he afterwards procured.

His inclination for silence and retirement, made him weary of living among the noisy peasant boys; and induced him to visit some hermits who had their cells in a wood, about half a league from Luneville. He undertook to wait on them, and to tend six or eight cows which they kept. These hermits were, however, grossly ignorant; but Duval had an opportunity of reading several books he found in their cells, and of getting

many difficulties, that occurred to him, solved by persons who came to visit them. All the money he could scrape together in his mean circumstances, was laid out in books and maps; and observing, on some of the latter, the arms of several Princes, as griffins, spread eagles, lions with two tails, and other monsters, inquired of a foreigner, whether there were any such creatures in the world? Being informed that these figures belonged to a particular science called heraldry, he minuted down this word, before unknown to him, and hurrying with all speed to Nancy, bought a book of heraldry, and by that book, without any other help, he became master of the fundamental principles of that science.

In this course of life Duval continued till he arrived at his one-and-twentieth year, when, in the autumn of 1717, he was discovered watching his charge in the wood, and sitting under a tree with his maps and books about him, by Baron Plutchner. This gentleman was the governor to the young Prince of Lorraine, who happened to hunt that way. The Baron thought a herdsman, with sun-burnt lank hair, dressed in a coarse linen frock, with a heap of maps about him, so extraordinary a sight, that he informed the Prince of it, who immediately rode towards the place; and put several questions to Duval about his way of living. Duval shewed by his answers, that he was already master of the grounds of several sciences. Upon which the Prince offered to take him into his service, and told him he should go to court. Duval who had read in some books of morality, that the air of a court was infectious to virtue, and had also observed when in Nancy, that the lacqueys of great men were a riotous, debauched, quarrelsome sort of people; frankly answered, "That he chose rather to look after his herd, and continue to lead a quiet life in the wood, with which he was thoroughly satisfied, than to wait on the Prince; but added, that if his highness would give him an opportunity of reading curious books, and of making himself master of more learning and knowledge, he was ready to follow him or any body else." The Prince was highly pleased with his answer; and when he returned to court, prevailed on the Duke his father to send this extraordinary herdsman to the Jesuits College at Pont-a-Mousson. When he had finished his studies at that seat of learning, the Duke permitted him to take a journey into France for his further improvement; and, soon after his return, gave him a professorship in the academy of Luneville, with a pension of 700 livres a year; he also made him librarian, which was worth 1000 livres a year more, besides a handsome apartment.

He was of a most engaging modesty and politeness, and, far from being ashamed of his former low condition, took a pleasure in relating the successive and gradual rise of new ideas in his mind, and the pleasing tranquillity and uninterrupted content he enjoyed in a situation, in all appearance, mean and despicable. He continued till keepdeath to an apartment in the hermitage, from whence the Duke raised him, and, to perpetuate his memory of the transaction, he had his own picture drawn, in which he is represented just as he was, when discovered by Baron Plutchner, under a tree, with a landscape of the place, and the Prince talking to him; this piece he obtained leave to hang up in the Duke's library.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

AIR AND EXERCISE.

Many invalids are hurried into their grave by the indiscreet kindness of their friends forcing them from the comforts of

home, for the sake of air more abounding with oxygen, that is, the vivifying part of the atmosphere. That great benefit is received from what is called change of air, is true enough, but it is seldom considered that there is also a change in most of the other circumstances of the patient; many of infinitely more importance than that which derives all the credit of the cure. For instance, if a person living in a confined part of the city, neglecting exercise, harassed all day by the anxieties of business, and sitting up late at night, &c. be removed to the tranquillity of rural scenes, which invite him to be almost constantly taking exercise in the open air, and retiring to rest at an early hour; and thus, instead of being surrounded by irritations unfavourable to health, enjoying all the "jucunda oblivio vite" which are favourable to it; such a change will often do wonders, and sufficiently account for the miraculous cures attributed to change of air.

Chemical philosophers assert, indeed, that a gallon of the unsavoury gas gives as high a proportion of oxygen, as the like quantity of the ethereal element. This seems incredible, and must arise either from the imperfection of the eudiometer giving erroneous results, or from the air being impregnated with matter unfriendly to health, which the instruments employed to analyze it, have not the power of denoting. Let any one thread the mazes of a crowded city, and walk for the same space of time in a pleasant country, the animal spirits will soon testify which is the most exhilarating.

However, people certainly do live long, and enjoy health, in situations apparently very unfavourable to animal life. Our omniscient Creator has given to our lungs the same faculty of extracting nutriment from various kinds of air, as the stomach has from various kinds of aliment: the poor man, who feeds on the coarsest food, is supported by it in as sound health, as the rich man who fares sumptuously every day. Well then, in nine cases out of ten, to change the atmosphere we have been long accustomed to, is as unadvisable as a change in the food we have been used to, unless other circumstances make it so. The opulent invalid, who has been long indulged with a home arranged to his humour, must beware (especially during any exacerbation of his infirmity) of leaving it, it would be almost as desperate a procedure as to eject an oyster from his shells.

The more luxuriously you live, the more exercise you require. The "bon vivant" may depend upon the truth of the advice which sir Charles Scarborough gave to the Dutchess of Portsmouth, "you must eat less, or take more exercise, or take physic, or be sick." Exercise is the grand power to promote the circulation through the capillary vessels, by which the constitution is preserved from obstructions, appetite increased, and digestion improved in all its stages; the due distribution of nourishment invigorates the nervous system, gives firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and strength to every part of the system. Exercise, to have its full effect, must be continued till we feel a sensible degree of perspiration; (which is the panacea for the prevention of corpulence) and should, at least once a-day, proceed to the borders of fatigue, but never pass them, or we shall be weakened instead of strengthened.

Health depends on perpetual secretion and absorption, and exercise only can produce this. After exercise, take care to get cool gradually. When your head perspires, rub it, and your face, &c. dry with a cloth: this is better for the hair than the best "bear's grease," and will beautify the complexion beyond "La Cosmétique Royale," or all the red and white Olympian dew that was ever imported.

One of the most important precepts for the preservation of health, is to take care of the skin. In winter, the surface of the body, the feet, &c. should be washed

twice or thrice a week, with water of the temperature of about 98, and wiped every day with a wet towel; a tepid bath of the like temperature once a fortnight will also conduce much to both health and comfort. Some advise that the surface of the body be wiped every morning with a wet sponge, and rubbed dry after, with not too fine a cloth.

AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA.

On Healing Wounds in Trees.—The injury done to trees, from the loss of large branches, occasioned by wind or otherwise, is much greater than people are generally aware of. Every attentive person may easily perceive the local injury which takes place at and near the wound where the tree becomes evidently rotten; but there is, in addition thereto, a general injury, which is produced in the following manner: When wet gets in at the wounded part, it finds its way downwards, between the solid wood and the bark, through the capillary intervals where the sap rises. As the wet, so introduced, cannot get out, it frequently causes the bark to decay at the bottom of the tree, just above, or at the top of the ground.—The capillary attraction, which causes the sap to arise, grows gradually weaker; the tree gets sickly; the tips of its upper boughs become rotten; and that fresh injury lets in more wet, which hastens the general decay; so that the largest trees sometimes become hollow, or otherwise unsound, though the whole injury originated, perhaps, from the loss of a single large branch.

To remedy these evils the following composition has been frequently and successfully applied; Take of dry pounded chalk, three measures, and of common vegetable tar, one measure: mix them thoroughly, and boil them with a low heat till the composition becomes of the consistency of beeswax. It may be preserved for use in this state for any length of time. If chalk cannot conveniently be got, dry brickdust, which has passed through a fine sieve, may be substituted. One application of this composition, properly applied and in due time, will generally be quite sufficient.

If it be wished to saw the limb off, either close to the body of the tree or near to it, great care should be taken that the separated limb, in falling does not tear off the bark from the tree itself. This may be accomplished by first separating from the tree, the greater part of the limb, and then taking off the remaining stumps, and also by saving the bark of the limb completely all around before the wood itself is divided. If the limb be a very large one, a rope properly tied to it may be advantageously used, to prevent its injuring the tree at the moment of its being separated from it.

After the broken limb has been sawed off, the whole of the saw-cut must be very carefully pared away by means of a spoke-shaver, chisel, or other very sharp tool; and the rough edges of the bark must, in particular, be quite smooth. When the saw-cut is completely pared off, the composition must be laid on hot, about the thickness of half a dollar, over the edges of the surrounding bark. It should be spread with a hot trowel, somewhat similar in form to those used by plasterers, but of a greater thickness, in order to retain the heat the longer.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Trisection of the Arch.—Mr. Sheridan, Principal of the Academy, Stephen-street, Dublin, has invented a mathematical instrument, by means of which this problem, hitherto considered impossible, is solved with the greatest facility: it will trisect any assigned arch, involving the intersection of no higher curve than the circle, with one chord and a diameter. This

instrument has been submitted to the Royal Irish Academy, who have returned Mr. Sheridan thanks for the invention.

Retentive Memory of a Horse.—A horse belonging to a gentleman of Taunton, Eng. strayed from a field in that neighbourhood, and a reward for his recovery was advertised on the 13th of Nov. last. After a long and troublesome pursuit, he was, a few days since, discovered on a farm at Barncombe, in Devon, a distance of twenty-three miles, being the place where he was foaled, although it is certain that the animal had not been there for ten years, having during the whole of that time been in possession of his present owner!

Bigotry.—M. Lorent, a learned Spaniard, author of several works esteemed throughout Europe, among which are the History of the Inquisition, the life of Barthelmy Las Casas, and some Literary Remarks, full of interest, on the origin of Gil Blas, has unexpectedly received orders to quit France. It appears, that the only crime of this venerable man lies in the publication of several works on reforming religion, particularly his History of the Inquisition, written in a spirit which tends to irritate that institution. This latter has recently been put on the list of proscribed books, by a Bull of the Court of Rome, which has occasioned some discussion among the Cortes.

Winter in Ireland.—The Irish papers of the middle of January, say that "the present winter is gliding away imperceptibly without frost or snow. In fact, the temperature of our climate seems, within the last 40 years, to have undergone an astonishing change. Formerly a continuance of six or seven weeks' frost, commencing about Christmas, was not deemed an uncommon occurrence—and our fields and highways were, at this season, buried in snow. Robin red-breasts sought shelter in the habitations of man—other birds perished in thousands—our cattle were housed—field labour suspended—and the youth of the country sought amusement in snipe-shooting, skating, and other rural sports. At present the fields are green—our cattle are turned out to pasture—the atmosphere is mild, and uniform in temperature, but loaded with moisture, and pregnant with showers. Compare this with the state of England. At Liverpool, the rivers are bound with frost. At London, the skaters find an ample field of exercise on the Serpentine River in Hyde Park. To what causes can so remarkable a change in our climate be ascribed?"

NATURAL HISTORY.

Pea-Fowl.—Wherever tigers roam or couch, a number of birds continually collect or hover about them, screaming and crying as if to create an alarm. But the peacock seems to be particularly allured by him; for the instant a flock of pea-fowl perceive him, they advance towards him directly, begin strutting round him with wings fluttering, quivering feathers, and bristling and expanded tails. Of this enticement the fowls also make their advantage; for, by painting a brown cloth screen, about six feet square, with black spots or streaks, and advancing under its cover, fronting the sun, the birds either approach toward them, or suffer them to steal near enough to be sure of their mark, by a hole left in the canvass for them to fire through.

Wagtails.—While the cows are feeding in the low pastures, broods of wagtails, white and gray, run round them, close up to their noses, and under their very bellies availing themselves of the flies that settle on their legs, and probably finding worms and larvae that are roused by the trampling of their feet. Nature is such an econo-

mist, that the most incongruous animals can avail themselves of each other!

Birds continually avail themselves of particular and unusual circumstances to procure their food; thus wagtails keep playing about the noses and legs of cattle as they feed, in quest of flies and other insects which abound near those animals; and great numbers of them will follow close to the plough to devour the worms, &c. that are turned up by that instrument. The redbreast tends the gardener when digging his borders; and will, with great familiarity and tameness, pick up the worms almost close to his spade. Starlings and magpies very often sit on the backs of sheep and deer to pick out their ticks.

Honey Bird.—The Honey Bird is so called from a particular instinct by which it discovers the honey concealed in trees. As if designed for the service of the human species, this bird continues to flutter about, and make a great noise till it has attracted the notice of some person, and induced him to follow the course it points out to him. It then flutters before him, till it has led him to the tree where the bees have lodged their treasure. The man then carries off the honey, leaving a little for the use of the bird, which silently and contentedly watches till it is permitted to enjoy its reward. As soon as it has eaten up its portion, it renews its noise, and goes in quest of another tree, followed by the man, who finds a guide here provided for him by nature.

THE NATURALIST'S DIARY.

TO BE CONTINUED MONTHLY.

FOR MARCH.

The showers were short, the weather mild, The morning fresh the evening smiled, The fields and gardens were beset With primrose, crocus, violet;— Thus all looked gay and full of cheer, To welcome the new liveried year.

Such was the description of Spring by an English poet; and we have deferred our Diary to this day, that we might be able to reiterate the sentiments as applicable to our city; which is near ten degrees farther south than England. This month, so far, has been quite as cold and unpleasant as any of our winter months. There could be but little done in the gardens, or fields, and we hope on that account to be excused for deferring our notice so long, of what should be done. We shall leave the field of fancy and poetry to their professors and votaries, and content ourselves with giving a few practical instructions to those who must live by their industry, cultivate the fields, and till the earth; and leave to affluence and indolence, the pleasures of sloth and the raptures of ennui.

The latest springs are generally the most favourable to the fruits of the earth; and if the autumn and winter have been judiciously spent, it will cause but little inconvenience to the husbandman. When the spring is backward, the young fruit buds are not so apt to be cut off by chilling blasts and unseasonable frosts. The season opens with more vigour, and continues more steadily.

The melody of birds has begun to swell on the ear; and though we cannot say that the goldfinch and linnet, the golden wren and the nightingale, join in the sweet concert, still we have many sprightly little songsters, which remind us that winter is gone; that summer is near.

As we have given directions in former numbers for the construction and management of hotbeds, we shall now look after them. If snow falls, let it be removed as speedily as possible from the frames and beds; it checks the artificial heat and keeps off the rays of the sun, which are of the utmost importance to the growth of early plants. Examine the state of your early melon and cucumber

hotbeds, and see if they have a proper degree of heat to preserve the plants in a state of free-growth. Let the plants have fresh air daily, by raising the glasses a little, and in proportion to the heat of the bed, and the warmth of the weather. Refresh them occasionally with a sprinkling of water, in sunny days, at from 10 to 2 o'clock; cover the glasses with mats or blankets, as soon as the sun is off them, if the weather is severe.

At this early day, if your vines have begun to run and blossom, it will be of great use to impregnate the young fruit of cucumbers and melons. The flowers, male and female, separate on the same plant, and the females produce the fruit. The males are often called false blossoms, and plucked off. This is an erroneous opinion; they are designed by nature to impregnate the female flowers, and render them fruitful. The fine powder produced by the male blossoms, by being dispersed on the stigma in the centre of the female, effects the fecundation, and in a day or two, the fruit will show itself: in a fortnight it will be fit to cut for the table. This may be done by cutting some of the male blossoms, and bringing them with the fingers in contact with the female. The male and female flowers are easily distinguished by practical gardeners.

Plant melon and cucumber seeds for field culture, if the ground is well settled and pretty warm. Plant and sow cabbage seeds, and sallads. Sow peas as early as the earth begins to feel warm and is pretty dry—plant the early kinds in drills three and a half feet apart; the larger growing sorts four feet. The marrowfat, green, white, and gray, five feet apart, and give them rods and sticks in proportion to their growth.

Keep your peas free from weeds, and earth them up, so as to support them. Give them sticks as soon as they are six inches high: the success of the crop mainly depends on rodding them well. Plant the largest varieties of beans.—The dwarf Chester beans are great bearers, and the best for general cultivation. They may be planted in rows, two feet asunder; but as they branch out from the roots, it is best to plant them in single rows, six inches apart.

Sow and transplant lettuces as early as possible; particularly the early curled and grand admiral lettuces: also some of the early cabbage lettuce, that you may have them for early cutting. Every two weeks sow successive crops, that you may have a constant supply during the season. Sow the different sorts separate. Sow radish seeds, both of the salmon and short top kinds—thin them properly. Sow the turnip rooted radish the middle of April.

Sow spinach every fortnight or three weeks, to have a constant supply, as it soon runs to seed, when it is not fit for use. Carrots and parsnips may be sown from this time to the 10th of May. The ground should be made as light as possible, by trenching it with a spade twelve inches deep. Sow the seeds in drills, that you may easily stir the earth between them. Cresses, mustard, radish, and turnip, may be sown for small sallading and for greens. Celery should be sown early; the solid stalked is to be preferred.

If you have omitted the necessary pruning in the orchards, and fruit gardens, omit it no longer: Fruit trees may be planted any time before the birds begin to swell, and with the assistance of a little water they will grow freely. Shoots or slips of gooseberry and currant bushes, may be set as long as the buds do not expand. We shall endeavour to give an early insertion of the diary for April, which will embrace many important directions omitted in this; particularly as relate to the cultivation of the vine; planting of corn, potatoes; sowing spring grain; and the care of cattle in the spring months.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. LII. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Traveller's Dream. The Egyptian Thief.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Valley of Chamounix, Mont Blanc, and the Glaciers, No. II. from a Tour in Switzerland in 1821.*

LITERATURE.—*Inquiry as to the Author of the Waverley Novels, No. II.*

THE DRAMA.—*The Paris Theatre, No. II. BIOGRAPHY.—Memoir of Constantia Grierson.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Botanical Emblems, No. II.—On the Qualities of Peat as an article of fuel.—Probabilities of Human Life.—Natural History.—Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Italian Letters, No. I.*

POETRY.—*The Dirge—Greece—and To, by "Florio."*

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. The Lines "To a Husband," will have an early insertion. We have our doubts whether the Verses of "Nordlaw" were intended for an Enigma or an Epigram.

"The Emigrant's Farewell to Scotland," and "Columbia my Country," are placed on file for publication.

We have received two communications, addressed "To Salomina," both signed "Frederick;" but apparently, from different pens. We have not decided whether we shall publish one or both.

"Washington's Valley" is so lengthy, obscure, and crooked, that we find it impossible to grope our way through it.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the MINERVA are respectfully reminded, that the first volume will be completed on the appearance of one number after the present; before which it is expected they will give due notice of their intention to continue or discontinue the work, as no subscriptions can be received in future for a less period than one year. It is expected, also, agreeably to the original terms of publication, that the subscription will be paid in advance, particularly by country residents.—This is the more necessary, as the publishers have no agents for collecting money, and the MINERVA is furnished at a price considerably below any other literary journal in this country. Such subscribers, as do not comply with the terms of this notice, will be considered as having relinquished the work.

Authors, Printers, and Publishers, throughout the United States, will find the MINERVA well adapted to convey to the public, notices of works in hand, in the press, or ready for publication. They will be inserted gratuitously, on being forwarded to the publishers. Men of Science are likewise invited to communicate notices of new discoveries, or to furnish articles on such branches of Science as they may be familiar with.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HARLEY.

Upwards of two thousand men have been at work upon our canals during the whole of the cold winter passed.

A Fredonia, Chataque paper, mentions, as a proof of the benefits of the Canal, that wheat, the standard price of which for three years was fifty cents per bushel, has advanced twenty-five per cent.

Capt. Ridgely has recently presented to the University of Maryland a collection of minerals, procured during his visit to South America, including some of the most interesting productions from Peru and Chili, and the gold and silver mines. Among the most valuable are two specimens of earthen ware, found near the tombs of the Incas, which evince that the ancient Peruvians were skilled in the art of pottery.

A quantity of Cotton, from the state of Illinois, has found its way to Baltimore. It is the first exportation of the kind from that state.

MARRIED.

Capt. John G. Haskell to Miss Mary Ann Carlton.

Mr. Elisha G. Drake to Miss Maria Baker.

Jacob R. Le Roy, Esq. to Helen Otis.

Daniel L. M. Peixotto, M. D. to Miss Rachel Seixas.

DIED.

Mr. Thomas D. Smith.

Wm. L. Simers, aged 28 years.

Morris Clarke, aged six months.

Martin Benton, aged 73 a native of Germany.

Mr. Phillip Becannon, in the 64th year of his age.

Mr. William Blakely, aged 33 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

THE DIRGE OF THE YEAR.

Written in 1821.

BY FLORIO.

Again upon his weary pilgrimage
Time through another rolling year hath sped—
Hath chilled the pulse of slow consuming age,
And blanched with silver gray the aged head:
How swift the eagle pinioned hours have fled
Thro' Spring's fair birth and Summer's placid shroud,
And waved their wings above the Autumn's bed,
Where ruin's mantle overpreads the scene,
That was so beautiful, so gay and green!

Man! come, and look upon the faded leaf,
Impreuve emblem of thine own decay—
How like the sad and pallid cheek of grief
It falls 'neath earth, and pines, and fades away!
Where breathe the man to whom it doth not say,
That such is his inevitable doom,
When the warm light of life shall cease to play,
And the fair flowers of life shall cease to bloom
For him whose lonely mansion is the tomb.

There is a moral in this dead repose
Of blighted nature—such is man's career—
His spring hath all the freshness of the rose,
Fair laughs the morn of his awakening year,
Gleamed by the happy smile, the joyous tear:
And wouldst thou know how fares his wintry hour?
Oh, look around! behold the earth appear,
Divested of each shrub and scented flower
That once adorned her blooming summer bower.

Image of sorrow, parent of the storms,
Relentless winter!—can the spirit gaze
Upon the tempest which thy face deforms,
And think not on that season of his days,
When the melodious whispers of praise
No longer on his ear delighted fall—
When pleasure's smiles and fancy's winning lays
No more to rapture can his heart recall,
Wrapped in the deep dark folds of sorrow's pall?

Who hath not felt his heart enraptured swell,
As love hath lightened up in beauty's eye?
Who hath not owned the witchery of that spell
That binds the soul to beauty's gentle sigh?
Who hath not felt the winged moments fly
In early life sleek and undefiled,
When not a cloud obscured the tranquil sky,
In that fond hour so exquisite and wild,
When first to win his heart affection smiled!

And who hath seen those blessed moments fade
Beneath misfortune's deadly withering?
And who hath borne the pang of hope betrayed,
Nor felt that life had no severer sting?
Not e'en though fate her darkest sorrows bring,
Spreading black midnight o'er the troubled mind,
Can they compare with that deep sorrowing,
When youth first wakes from his dream to find
That the warm sun of rapture hath declined.

And when the shock is past, the heart survives,
To bear the sterner evils of its fate;
Yet still the busy fiend of memory strives
To catch joy from the past,—but all too late:
Never, oh never, can the mind create
Hours of delight like those which thus have flown;
Never such blissful scenes reanimate,
As those enchanted moments which have gone,
Leaving the spirit desolate and lone!

Often, oh Time, thou desolating power!
Such scenes along thy varied course have swept—
Love's paradise, and Hope's ethereal hour,
When every fear and every grief have slept;
And as upon thy pathway thou hast kept
Thy ceaseless tenor, thou hast seen the blight
Of changeful fortune—and how man hath wept
Over the requiem of lost delight,
When round him gathered wild affliction's night.

Oh! many a time and oft the heart hath bled,
When at the closing moments of the year,
It muses on the blessings which have fled,
And left it lingering and lonely here;
What fairy scenes to memory's eye appear
In all the freshness of their early pride,
The withered hopes which can no longer cheer—
The joys which glanced along life's rapid tide—
The raptures once imparted, now denied!

Yet why lament o'er joy's expiring ray?
It sets—clouds gather o'er—yet on their verge
A golden halo sparkles brightly gay,
And meteors flash along life's heaving surge!
It boots thee not to pour the plaintive dirge,
Thou sad in heart, for what can bloom no more—
Be thine the fortitude that dares to urge
Its path without repining, to that shore
Where all its fearful trials shall be o'er.

What mighty deeds have marked the flight of Time!
What nations founded! and what glory won
By the fair light of liberty sublime!
Such as illumed ensanguined Marathon,
And such as shone upon our Washington,
The first of heroes—for he drew the sword,
Not to obtain the bauble of a throne,
But to protect the country he adored
'Gainst Europe's tyrant hosts which on it poured.

And well he fought—and well he won the meed
Of that pure glory which can never die,
Which wrestles the fame of him who dares to bleed,
And yield without regret his latest sigh,
When o'er his head, his country's banners fly,
And valour sounds the trump of victory:
Oh, one free spirit could a host defy,
When it unsheathes the sword of Liberty,
And vows to perish nobly, or be free!

Wither ye laurels of proud Philip's son!
Your leaves are dripping with unhallowed dew,
The tears of human kind—though Macedon
Did idolize her brilliancy of hue,
Yet 'twas a brightness cheating and untrue—
His tread was on the prostrate neck of earth,
The soul of freedom struggling into birth,
Without whose charms life were of little worth.

Yes, he pursued triumphantly his path,
And Asia bowed beneath the victor's sway,
Hung on the smile, and trembled at the wrath
Of a frail fellow-being of the clay.
What was the close of this all boasted day?
How set this sun which shone so splendidly,
And brooked no equal orb to cross its way?
How passed from earth this would-be deity?
In an inglorious death midst drunken revelry.

And thou, imprisoned in the sea-girt isle,
Gaul's daring champion! what, in sooth, art thou?
With all thy high emprise and gallant toil,
Sparkles the diadem upon thy brow;
Doth Europe bend beneath thy sceptre now?
No—thy adventurous eagle doth not soar
As erst it did, and left earth far below;
His wing is weak and can outspread no more—
The lily now outshines the tri-color.

Such ever is the changeful lot of man:
Frail as the dew that glitters in the beam;
A while he bustles through his narrow span,
Then sinks beneath oblivion's idle stream—
His joy is but the phantom of a dream,
Clothed in unreal splendour, falsely bright;
And he who wields the sword of power supreme,
Who boldly soars in glory's proudest flight,
Sinks down in ruin from his lofty height.

So hath it been—again, so shall it be
With the fond schemes of this uncertain sphere,
Till time shall end in vast eternity,
And cease to roll around the varied year:
The morning dreams of hope—the pensive tear—
The smile of joy—and valour's waving plume—
The wreath of love, to youth and beauty dear,
Shall still the destiny of man illumine,
Until he makes his home within the tomb.

For the Minerva.

ALL HANDS UPON DECK.

All mild and so clear was the blue ocean's breast,
Not a wave the expanse could disclose;
And the sun brightly ting'd the light clouds in the west,
As he silently sunk to repose.

The winds were all hush'd in the concave above,
Save the zephyr soft wafting us on;
And oh 'twas a time when fond souls breathing love,
Might mingle and melt into one!

Transcendently fair shone the bright eyes of night
O'er the bosom of ocean below;
And the wide ocean's mirror reflecting their light,
For heaven sent back the bright glow.

From the fore-castle deck gently murmur'd the sound
Of the mariner's song through the air;
And the whispers of love that were breathing around,
Shed their holiest influence there.

'Twas tranquillity's reign; and it seem'd in that hour
As if heaven's brightest blessing's had crown'd us—
As if at that moment omnipotent power
Was breathing his spirit around us.

Every eye was now clos'd, and the fairy queen revell'd,
And smil'd through the stillness of night,
Pouring balm in each heart where a shaft had been leav'd,
And portraying new scenes of delight!

There was one lonely traveller o'er life's stormy billow,
And the rude hand of death had bereft her,
And affliction had wedded himself to her pillow,
And peace and contentment had left her.

And the fairy delights in a bright dream of bliss,
When affliction hath pointed his dart,
To chase from the mourner the tear of distress,
And heal the deep wounds of the heart.

There was one that did love, she was fair, and she seem'd
Like the rosebud just bursting to bloom,
And lightly she press'd her soft pillow and dream'd
Of yet happier moments to come.

There was one newly wedded, her visions were blest;
They were pure as the morning's first ray;
And the fairy queen revell'd and danced on her breast,
And she smil'd through her sleep as she lay.

A burst of loud thunder is heard in the air,
And the mariner utters a shriek:
'Mid the howl of the tempest, fierce muttering there,
'Tis the signal, "All hands upon deck!"

And, with eyes starting wild, to the deck now we haste,
Where the storm in its fury is raging,
Casting looks of amazement o'er the desolate waste,
Where the war of all nature is waging.

The dense, murky clouds, with their hue of despair,
Their terrors were now hanging o'er us:
Anon, the full blaze of the lightning's red glare,
As 'twere hell's vivid gleaming before us.

Nay, it was so indeed, for the fiend of the storm
Was bestriding the huge ocean swell;
And the flashes of light ghastly glared on his form,
And we heard in the tempest his yell.

Oh! it seem'd as the hand of our God was withdrawn—
As the last dreadful sentence was given—
As the last ray of love and of mercy was gone—
And we were then hurling from heaven.

Oh! it seem'd that the fiend—that the foe of mankind,
In that drear—in that desolate night,
Around us already his chains had entwined,
And was bearing us thence in his might.

But the hand of Jehovah prevailed in the scene;
And the storm passing lightly and fleetly,
The beams of the morning illum'd us again,
Shining over us brightly and sweetly.

Yet the blood curdles cold, and the heart will still shrink,
And hardly suppresses the shriek.
At the thought of that night if we chance but to think
Of the signal—"All hands upon deck!"

B.

On board ship North America, at sea, 15th Dec. 1822.

For the Minerva.

TO J. AGNES C.

Master of the mimic art!
Paint the idol of my heart,
Who first taught my soul to prove
The delights and pains of love.
Let her graceful ringlets flow
O'er a forehead white as snow;
But a somewhat darker dye
Give the arch of either eye;
And the light that glimmers through
Its lashes, be the summer's blue,
Soft and tender, as when even
Trembles in the dewy heaven.
Give her cheek the rosy glow
Of sun-set on a hill of snow,
Mingling till the cheated sight
Knows not where their hues unite.
But can words the charms express
Of her lips' soft loveliness?
Yes, the cherry's ripen'd die
Some faint emblem may supply.
But her bosom's heaving white,
Veil, oh veil it from the sight!
That she fain from all beside
But her poet friend would hide;
And—but hold, what do I see?
Hebe—no, it cannot be;
Agnes' self is here portray'd—
Yes, she is my chosen maid.

GALON.

Epigram.

MURROGH O'MONAGHAN.

At the side of the road, near the bridge of Drumcondra,
Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to beg;
He bro't from the wars, as his share of the plunder,
A crack on the crown, and the loss of a leg.
O Murrough! he'd cry, that nothing may harm you,
What made you go fight for a soldier at sea?
O! you fool, had you been a martier in the army,
You'd now have a platoon, and live on full-pay.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Sigh.

PUZZLE II.—Charles.

NEW PUZZLES.

What is that which is made with a coach,
belongs to a coach, which a coach cannot go
without, but which is of no use to a coach?

I.

Why is Wall-street like the North River?

II.

Why is a nail like a horse?

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 756 Pepin subdued the Saxons, and required contributions of them.
— Ambassadors sent to China by the Caliph.
759 Constantine defeated by the Bulgarians, and obliged to flee to Constantinople.
761 Constantine persecuted the defenders of images, and prohibited the monastic state.
— The Saracens seized Valencia, in Spain.
— Constantia subdued the Bulgarians. Excessive cold, followed by great drought.
766 The Euxine Sea was frozen 30 cubits deep. Constantine beaten by the Bulgarians, asked aid of Pepin.
767 Pope Paul dying, Constantine, a layman, was promoted to the see by Didier, King of Lombardy.
768 The people and clergy of Rome deposed and put to death the anti-pope Constantine. Philip being chosen next, was also deposed, and Stephen elected.
— Death of Pepin in the 17th year of his reign. He was succeeded by his two sons, Charles, known by the name of Charlemagne, was crowned at Noyou, Carloman at Soissons.
769 Charlemagne espoused Bertha, daughter of the King of Lombardy.
— Leo, son of Constantine, espoused Irene, and was proclaimed Emperor.
770 Constantine persecuted the monks and nuns, obliging them to renounce their vows or be exposed in Cyprus to the cruelty of the Saracens. Many had their eyes put out, and were banished; some married. The Emperor sold the monasteries.
771 Carloman dying, his brother Charlemagne remained sole King of France. He divorced his wife Bertha, and married Hildgardis from Suabia.
772 Charlemagne defeated the Saxons near Osnabruk, demolished the temple, and broke in pieces their idol Irmensul.
773 Rome besieged by the Lombards. Pope Adrian had recourse to Charlemagne, who coming into Italy, defeated Didier, and took Verona.
774 Charlemagne leaving his army at the siege of Pavia, repaired to Rome, where he made a magnificent entry.
— Pavia, on his return, surrendered. Didier was taken, shorn, and sent into France, where he died. Thus ended the kingdom of the Lombards, having lasted 206 years.
775 Death of the Emperor Constantine Copronymus, after a reign of 34 years. Leo IV. his son succeeded.
776 Routout attempting to seize on Lombardy, was routed and beheaded by Charlemagne. The Saxons were again defeated.
777 Tatar, King of the Bulgarians, received baptism at Constantinople. The Emperor created him a Patrician, and gave him in marriage the cousin of Irene.
778 Expedition of Charlemagne into Spain. He subdued Navarre and Sardinia. On his return he raised Pamplona. The Gascons way-laid his forces, pillaged his baggage, and killed several Lords of his court.
779 The Saxons defeated. Several took refuge among the Sclavonians.
780 Death of the Emperor Leo. Constantine, his son surnamed Porphyrogenitus, succeeded, under the guardianship of his mother Irene.
781 Charlemagne at Rome. His second son Pepin baptized by the Pope, was crowned King of Italy; and Louis, King of Aquitaine, proposed marriage between the daughter of Charlemagne and the Greek Emperor. Neither of them then viable.
782 Charlemagne continuing the war against the Saxons, overturned the temple of Venus at Magdeburgh.
785 The Saxons submitted entirely to Charlemagne, and embraced christianity.
786 Haroun, surnamed Raschid the Just, Caliph after his brother Moussa, who reigned but one year.
787 Second Council of Nice, where the use of images was restored.
— Charlemagne made another journey to Rome, whence he brought choristers and organists into France. He established a school in his own palace, and called the famous Alcuin from England, and encouraged learning.
788 Charlemagne made war on Tassilon, Duke of Bavaria, whom he obliged to retire into a monastery.
789 Constantine the Emperor endeavoured to assume the reins of government out of his mother's hands. Irene banished his advisers.
790 Earthquake at Constantinople, whence the Emperor and Empress are obliged to depart. The armies shaking off the yoke of Irene, demanded Constantine for their Emperor. Irene withdrew from government, and Constantine began to rule.

THE MINERVA.

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